The Smith Family Christmas

Ву

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FADE IN:

INT.FIRST NATIONAL BANK-DAY

A small local bank is busy with holiday patrons making withdrawals and deposits. Every teller's line is full to maximum capacity.

Christmas decorations line the walls, a tree is prominently arranged in a corner surrounded by gifts.

An old bank guard sits in a chair in the corner half asleep. His 38 pistol is in a holster on his side.

Suddenly two men dressed as Santa Claus burst through the bank doors brandishing AK 47s.

The old bank guard starts to get up but is knocked to the floor by SANTA # 1.

SANTA #2 fires his weapon, rounds bounce off of the ceiling.

SANTA #1

Everybody on the floor. Get down. Do it now.

SANTA #2

You heard him, get down.

Santa #2 pushes two ladies to the floor who don't move quickly enough. He points his weapon at them in a threatening manner.

The rest of the patrons quickly fall to the floor.

Santa #1 jumps over the counter where the bank tellers are cowering.

He starts filling a large canvas bag with cash from the teller stations.

Santa #2 notices a couple entering the bank.

He herds them over to the center of the bank and forces them to the floor.

SANTA #2

Get down... and stay down. I don't want to hurt anybody... but I will.

Santa #1 continues to clean out the teller's tills.

Santa #2 keeps watch over the patrons lying helpless on the floor.

Santa #1 jumps back over the teller's counter with his Santa's bag stuffed full of cash.

SANTA #1

Looks like it's gonna be a good Christmas after all.

While the Santa's back is turned, one of the tellers activates the silent alarm.

SANTA #2

(holding his AK in the

air)

Merry Christmas suckers.

The Santas head for the door with their bag of loot.

They stop to survey the bank patrons one more time.

SANTA #1

Don't move for thirty minutes... If you do we're gonna come back and shoot you.

The Santas push through the bank door...

EXT.FIRST NATIONAL BANK-DAY

The two Santas race from the bank towards their waiting sleigh with eight reindeers, that is doubled parked.

Before they can get more than a few steps gun fire rings out.

They whirl around to see three men standing in the street firing M-16's at them.

One man is wearing a SCROOGE costume, one a suit and a BUSH mask, the other an OBAMA mask.

The Santas return fire, and after a gun battle, they lay dead and bleeding in the street by their sleigh.

SCROOGE

Damn, times are truly hard all over.

BUSH

You said that right.

**OBAMA** 

(shaking his head)
Hard to believe, Santa's helpers
robbing a bank.

The three stand over the dead Santas' bodies.

SCROOGE

Well...bah humbug... assholes.

OBAMA

It's time for a change, fools.

BUSH

Mission accomplished, clowns.

The three masked characters high five each other, and grab the bag of cash.

When they turn to leave they are facing the barrel of a .357 Magnum being held by THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO Hold up... not so fast. I'll just be taking the bag. That money belongs to the needy not the greedy.

He grabs the bag, jumps and flies off just missing a building.

INT.SMITH RESIDENCE-NIGHT

The Smith family, JOHN(30), MARY(28), and their children ROBERT(10) and BETTY(8), sit in front of the fireplace in their modest suburban home.

The only lights on are a gas lantern on the coffee table and two candles lit sitting on top of the fireplace mantel.

There is a bare Christmas tree with no decorations or lights, sitting in the corner of the room. There are no gifts under the tree.

**BETTY** 

Is Santa still coming this year, Daddy? I want a new dolly.

JOHN

Yes, sweetheart he's still coming.

ROBERT

Is he Daddy for real? I want a new bike.

MARY

Yes, Robert, Santa's still coming.

ROBERT

But Daddy, our lights are out. Santa won't be able to find our house.

BETTY

Yeah, he won't be able to find us in the dark.

JOHN

Don't worry children, he'll find you. So you better still be good. Tomorrow is Christmas.

The children smile and clap their hands with a look of joy on their little faces.

About that time there is a knock at the door.

MARY

My goodness, who could that be at this time on a Christmas eve?

John opens the door, The Greatest American Hero is standing in the moonlight on the Smith's front porch.

The children run to the door.

BETTY

Look Mommie, it's The Greatest American Hero.

ROBERT

Yeah, look Mommie!

Mary comes to the door. The family stands marveling at the sight.

The Greatest American Hero hands John a canvas bag.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO

Here...this is for you.

He turns and flies off just missing a neighbor's house.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO(O.S)

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

John opens the bag to find it stuffed full of cash.

MARY

See children, we told you Santa Claus would come.

ROBERT

Yay...

BETTY

Yay... Merry Christmas everyone!

John and Mary give the children a big hug.

Outside their door, it begins to lightly snow.

FADE OUT:

THE END